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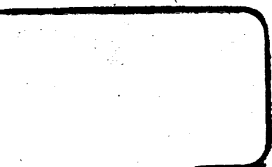
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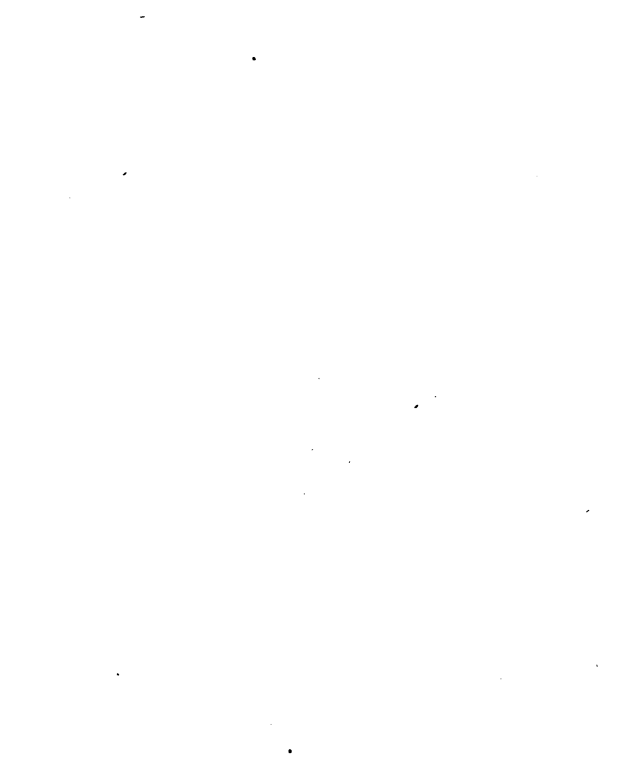
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NAS
Country







NAS
County



COUNTRY WALKS
FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



BOSTON:
J. BUFFUM,
23 CORNHILL.
1856.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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STOR. LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS,

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1945

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PREFACE AND CONTENTS

HERE is a pretty book, indeed
 For little girls and boys to read.
 You 'll understand these country scenes,
 Although you are not in your teens.
 The cuts, they are so clear and plain,
 With rhymes to teach, and entertain.
 — That team returns from plow, of course;
 And there 's a cart without a horse;
 And here 's a church, and there 's a dwelling,
 And farmers next, their money telling.
 An angler now, haymakers then,
 A loaded cart, and stacks and men.
 Reapers and threshers, children playing;
 Pray, can you tell me what they 're saying?
 Hogs in the wood, a bird-boy there;
 And flogging walnuts, I declare!
 Then mowing barley, winnowing corn,
 And one man on a bridge forlorn!
 The dairy maid, the sower next
 To see, you cannot be perplex'd.
 And there 's a poney with a daughter,
 And cattle driven forth to water.
 And here 's a mill, and there 's a mill;
 A market cart, say what you will,
 Drawn by an ass, I'm thinking that he
 Will not mend his pace for Patty.
 The gleaners, woodmen, hares, and hounds,
 The geese, the school, and school-room sounds.
 The ice, the boy, the girl, the shepherd,
 The smith with soot and things pepper'd;
 The race, the rook, the inn, the plow,
 The sportsman, the maid and her cow
 O yes, we comprehend these scenes,
 Although we are not in our teens!

45X499



GOING TO CHURCH.

THIS is a delightful scene indeed! The flail and the wain and the mill are hushed; the laboring teams have ceased awhile their toil. The repose and stillness of the lovely morning are rendered even more soothing to the mind by the chime of the distant bells. But let us not spend the hour in slothful loitering, or in empty expressions of admiration; let us walk to the house of God in company with the multitude who keep holy day, and there worship and bow down and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Our country churches are generally very picturesque and venerable buildings. The tall spire, the grey tower, the ivied walls, and the pointed windows, together with the antiquity of the pile, affect the eye and the mind with a peculiar interest. Still more affecting is the church-yard! There lie the bodies—the dust of those who once worshiped within, but who never more shall enter. Did they confess their sins with lowly, penitent, and obedient hearts? Then all is well; then have they escaped the bitter pains of eternal death: and so we can view the mouldering tomb and the grassy hillock, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.



COMING FROM CHURCH.

HERE we see a few of the congregation leaving the church. Let us hope they will make the best of their way home, that they may be there again in the afternoon; for in a country church like this there will not be an evening service.

The worship of the Church of England is such as children can understand if they attend to it; but about three hundred years ago, they used to repeat the service in Latin, as they do now in Roman Catholic churches and chapels; children could not then understand even the Lord's prayer. It is a great benefit to be permitted and assisted to pray to God in our own language; but this advantage is quite lost to those who pay no attention, and are thinking all the time of other things. Some good little girls and boys employ the time when they are walking from church, in repeating portions of the sermon, or the lessons for the day. You should try and sing. Did you not hear the children in the gallery, how nicely they sung to the organ? You should endeavor to do the same.



THE RECTORY.

THAT is the clergyman's house. How pretty it looks embosomed amongst the trees. Who can that little girl be running along the path towards the gate? She has a can in her hand, or something of the kind; probably it has milk in it, or perhaps she has been sent by the lady of the house with a jug of that useful commodity to some poor family. A clergyman's house in Scotland is called a manse. In England it is a rectory, or a vicarage house, or a parsonage, which name will do for all. There is generally some land belonging to a parsonage house, which is called the glebe.

The clergyman has this house to live in, and money called tithes from all the lands in the parish, that he may be able to live without trade, and perform the duties of a minister to the parishioners. He conducts the worship, and preaches in the church; he baptizes the infants, reads the burial service over the dead, and performs marriages. He visits the sick and the poor, and catechises the children on Sundays.



THE RENT DAY.

I SUPPOSE you know that houses do not always belong to the persons who reside in them, nor lands to the farmers who cultivate them. The owners or proprietors of houses and lands are called landlords, and the persons who occupy these are called the tenants. These pay to their landlords so much in a year for the use of these houses and lands, and money so paid is called rent. But suppose any one shall refuse or neglect to pay his rent, what then? why the landlord can sell the tenant's goods to pay himself. Certainly the landlord ought to have his money, for that is his just due, and it is his income on which he lives.

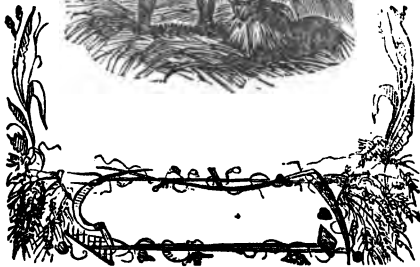
The greater number of farms and large estates in England belong to noblemen and gentlemen, who have many tenants, and who appoint certain days, generally at Midsummer and Christmas, for the payment of their rents. You see in the print a farmer laying down his money, and another old gentleman in the chair waiting to do the same.



ANGLING.

ANGLING, you know, is fishing with a hook and line. Is not this a very pretty print? the willows and rushes by the water courses, and the water itself so clear and dark. The gentleman seems very patient, expecting a nibble, if not a bite, before dinner. There is another man sitting on the bank behind. I suppose that rod and line laid in the grass belong to him.

Fish could not be caught in this way if means were not taken to attract and delude them. Worms and pieces of meat are therefore let down to them in the water on the hook, at which the poor fish eagerly snatch if they are hungry, and so are caught. Some fish feed on the summer flies that glide and frisk along the surface of the river; and so mock flies are made, placed on hooks and jerked about till the fish snatch at them also. The chief fresh water fish are trout, pike, eels, carp, tench, perch, and roach. Salmon come up the rivers from the sea at certain seasons.



HAYMAKING.

I KNOW not what the poor cattle would do in the winter season, if we could not preserve the summer grass and herbage for their use. It is a most valuable quality of these inestimable plants, that they retain their nourishment, and even their fragrance for months or years, if cut at the proper season, dried in the sun, and stacked so as to exclude the weather.

Soon after midsummer, in the south of England, the farmers get busy with their hay. Mowing the grass, if the crop be a good one, is reckoned the most laborious employment of the countryman. He is paid extra money at this time, which, indeed, he well deserves. The haymaking, that is, the turning and tossing the grass about, that it may be effectually dried in the sun and aired, is usually the work of women and children, assisted perhaps by the farmer's own family and friends; for the occupation, in fine summer weather, is a most delightful one, and many a merry scene there is in a hay field, I assure you. Perhaps you can remember some sport of this kind?



LOADING THE HAY.

THIS is harder work than haymaking, and is usually performed by men. The hay having been first raked in rows, and then in heaps, is at length got together in still larger parcels, called hay-cocks, ready for the cart. This vehicle is furnished with a projecting hurdle or ladder before and behind, so that it holds almost as much as a wagon, and often the single horse is nearly invisible under his shaggy and shadowy load.

Now, gee, honest Dobbin, we have not done yet;
The load is not heavy, so pray do not fret;
I'm sure you can 't tell me how large it appears,
But you feel the loose Hay-stalks that tickle your ears.

There, step away nicely, — and you at the top,
Do not lean too much over for fear you should drop;
Gee, whoo! there, he managed that hole, I declare,
We had a turn over one summer just there.

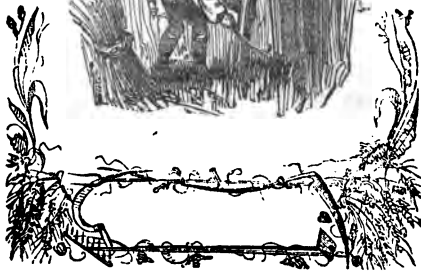
And now, little lady, get down, if you please,
For we must go under the boughs of the trees.
There 's a good little Fanny, now come to this side:
Dear Papa, he has got you; O what a nice ride.



STACKING THE HAY.

THERE is some art in stacking the hay well. It should be spread regularly in even layers, and not pressed down more in one part than another. Hay badly got together in the stack, leans on one side, tumbles, heats, lets in the weather, and often takes fire. When stacked, it should be well pulled all round: all the loose straggling hay drawn out and put at the top, thus leaving a neat flat-sided structure, very much like a small house, and thatched at the top. When good hay is thus prepared, it will be wholesome nourishing food for cattle after standing three or four years.

I see in the print they have a wagon and two horses, with two men there, and three on the stack. I dare say they expect rain, and are making all speed. In fine weather, a horse and cart and two men will manage this business very well. Hay is a valuable commodity, and is carted to the London markets, chiefly that of Whitechapel, in great quantities. Sometimes spiteful and wicked men will set stack-yards on fire, and thus not only the hay, but buildings and cattle are frequently destroyed.



REAPING.

As this work has generally to be performed in hot weather, it is very toilsome to the laborers. They work early and late — sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four — for the two ends of the day are of course the coolest. In harvest time the men have a great deal of beer allowed them, and much more money is paid them for this than for common work. It is usual to cut wheat with an instrument called a sickle, which is bent round like the letter C. It has sharp teeth, like a fine saw. Do you know, when I was a little boy, I went into a harvestfield while the men were at breakfast, and took up one of their sickles. The men called to me, and said I should cut my fingers, but I did not attend to them. So away I went to the corn, and taking a great handful, I slashed away and cut more indeed than I intended; for I drew the sickle across all the fingers of my left hand, and nearly cut one of my fingers off. Was not I rightly served for being so rude and meddlesome?



THRESHING.

THIS work finds many a husbandman comfortable employment when the snow is on the ground, and he would otherwise have but little to do. There is an art in managing the flail, as they well know who take it in hand unwarily; and indeed it is quite prudent to stand out of the way of a young and confident beginner at this business—the flail usually strikes any thing but the straw, and when it falls, usually jars the hand most sadly of the young operator. Wheat is now very often threshed out by an engine worked with horses, called a threshing machine.

“Now thump away, master, but take care of me,
For I, little Susan, have just come to see:
O dear, your stick’s broken, now, do not you know?
How can you thresh corn out with that hanging so?”

“O no, little lady, the flail is all right,
It is made in two pieces, and yet they hold tight;
I whisk’d it and twirl’d it the way that you saw,
To make it fall lengthwise at once on the straw.”

“But, good Master Barney, (the little girl said,)
I am really afraid that you’ll hit your own head.”
“O no, little lady, give over your fears,
I do not hit heads, though *I box many ears!*”



THE COTTAGE DOOR.

THIS, too, is an agreeable country scene. The laborer, returned from his toil, is enjoying the hour of leisure whilst day still lingers, and the air is mild and refreshing. His good wife within is tying on her tidy apron to prepare his evening meal—the chief one in a cottage generally. I am glad he can allow himself the luxury of a pipe, and that he enjoys it at home instead of at the public house. There are three children—I will venture to guess their names. They are Thomas, William, and Sally Woodyard, and they seem to be playing at marbles. When supper is ready, they will be called in to take their share, consisting of vegetables chiefly, with a rasher of good bacon, or something of that sort.

“Come, husband, come, children, your supper is dish’d,
Broad beans and fat bacon, the things that you wish’d;
But for dear little Sally, so pale is her cheek,
I’ve a mess of nice broth for her appetite weak.
Come, husband, come, children, your supper is dish’d,
And the board is now spread with the things that you
wish’d.”

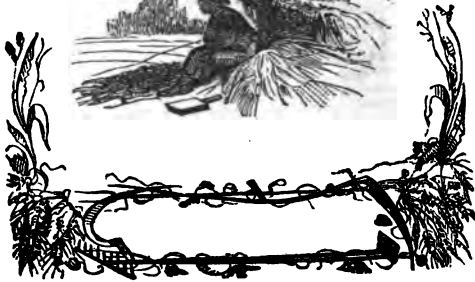


HOGS IN THE WOOD.

I SUPPOSE it is autumn, or the pigs would not be driven into the woods, and I suspect it is an oak tree under which they are feeding. If so, I dare say you can inform us that the food they are eating is acorns. The man attending them, called a swineherd, has a leisure time of it, for these animals never want much running after. In some places hogs are regularly turned into the woods in autumn, without an attendant, and they as regularly find their way back to their respective homes. Pigs are by no means devoid of sagacity, as some persons suppose they have much more sense than sheep.

"Now niggies, you are pleased, I know,
Good piggies, grunt, and tell me so.
O yes—it is as I suppose,
With all those acorns at your nose.

"You 're favor'd more, to say the least,
Than aldermen at city feast,
Where viands rare the board embellish,
Not eaten though with half the relish!"



THE BIRD-BOY.

Yes, there 's your trap, with spring and slide,
And chaff and baits, and lime beside :
The latch, the string, the prison narrow,
To catch poor Robin, Lark, or Sparrow ;
And yet, if you'll believe my word,
You sit too near to take your bird ;
You have not learn'd your art, I see,
Or you 'd lie close behind the tree.
Yes, there he sits, ye simple few,
And there 's the trap he means for you ;
His purpose surely you descry,
Whilst on you thus he turns his eye.
Ah ! ply the wing, whilst fly you may,
From traps and dangers speed away.
Be thankful that the youngster here
With stupid stare excites your fear.
Should he in craft one day excel,
Do you in wisdom grow as well ;
Avoid the bait, and so the snare,
He 'll watch with disappointed care :
Not finding tricks reward his pains,
Perhaps he 'll seek more honest gains.
From traps we all shall soon be freed,
When knaves find out they don't succeed.



THRESHING WALNUTS.

WALNUT trees are generally tall and stately, and the fruit is often found in the best clusters on the topmost boughs. There are few ladders long enough to reach them; nor is it safe or possible for boys even to climb along the branches and get all the walnuts at their extremities, so they take long poles and knock them off in the manner you see.

"Now why do you flog the poor walnut tree so,
That its leaves and green branches lie scattered below?
Hark! it murmurs complaints to the whispering breeze,
And shakes its green head at hard blows such as these."

"O dear little lady, you don't understand;
I cannot pluck fruit at this height with my hand,
Unless I 'd long arms, reaching high as the tree;
I should laugh in my sleeve, if that ever should be.

"So I take a long stick the ripe walnuts to gain,
Without it you 'd have few to crack, it is plain;
The tree bears the buffets, forgets and forgives,
And still does its duty each year that it lives.

"Do you do the same, little lady, I pray,
Lest when the tree whispers next time it should say,
Whilst it shakes its green head in the way that you see,
There goes a young girl with less sense than a tree!"



THE DOVECOT.

THIS is a little house, as you see, made to shelter pigeons. It is placed on a tall post and set in the water, very prudently, to prevent naughty boys from climbing up and robbing it. Pigeons, although tamed by man to a great degree, yet retain the free exercise of their wings; and they are, in this respect, unlike common fowls, and ducks and geese, which can scarcely fly across a field. Pigeons, or Doves, as they are called, are most beautiful and interesting birds, mild and inoffensive; they are in Scripture named to represent gentleness and innocence.

The power of flight possessed by these birds, is truly wonderful, as is their unaccountable sagacity in finding their way home, over lands and seas, whither they had never been borne before. So, when persons have gone abroad, to France or Holland, for instance, they have taken a tame pigeon with them in a basket, and having arrived, perhaps at Paris or Amsterdam, they have tied a letter under the wing of the pigeon, and then let it fly. The bird has generally returned quite safe in a few hours!



MOWING BARLEY.

BARLEY and oats have weaker stalks than wheat, and so they are generally mown with a scythe like hay. This is done much quicker than reaping with a sickle, which, indeed, would be inconvenient; for the short stalks of these plants would oblige the laborer to stoop painfully low, if he had to use that instrument. The scythe, you know, has a long handle, which enables him to work more at his ease.

The chief use of barley in England, is to make malt for the brewer. It is laid in heaps and wetted, when it begins to grow, and then acquires a sweetish taste, and being dried in a kind of oven called a kiln, it is fit for brewing.

In some countries, bread is made of barley meal. In Scotland, oats are very much used for bread and cakes; but in England they are chiefly consumed by horses. Yet, as we all know, oatmeal is a very useful commodity for the sick, and forms the innocent food called gruel, which could not be made so well of wheat flour.



WINNOWER CORN.

WHEN the corn has been threshed out of the straw, you know that the grain is all mixed with the chaff and other particles of dust, so that it would make very husky puddings if ground in that state. There are three methods chiefly used of separating and cleansing the grain. One is by a kind of large dish made of basket work, called a fan, in which a man takes and shakes the corn repeatedly in the wind until the chaff flies off. Another way is to open the barn doors before and behind, and when the wind blows through the barn, to throw the grain in shovels full against the wind, from one side of the floor to the other. It is astonishing to see how completely the wind will separate and remove the chaff and dust by this method. But an engine has been invented within a few years, called a dressing-machine, in which fan-wheels are made to revolve so quickly as to produce a very strong current of air within, and thus effectually to cleanse the grain.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

THESE wooden bridges are often very pretty objects in the country, especially if situated as this is, between high banks, over a clear stream, and shaded by trees and herbage. If you ask why the bridge was made so high, I can tell you, first, that I dare say it is level with the path on each side, and then again you should remember that in winter time, after heavy rains or a thaw, the water will rise, perhaps up to the bridge itself, and sometimes in great floods the bridges are carried away. They are often chosen by anglers for fishing stations, and often to afford a resting-place to the weary traveller.

And now, my good gentleman, what do you think ?
You are standing too high, sir, to wash or to drink :
I hope you 're not leaning too hard on the rail,
For down you would go, sir, if that were to fail.

Perhaps you are waiting a neighbor to meet,
Perhaps you are resting your limbs or your feet ;
Perhaps 'tis your pleasure at ease to recline ;
And perhaps, as you say, 'tis no business of mine.

He pleasantly meditates there, it should seem,
On the trees, or the rushes, the fish, or the stream ;
I trust he 's not lazy, nor sleeps at the place :
It would be well to souse him, if that were the case.



THE DAIRY.

THIS is an important apartment in a farm-house, where there is much grass land, and there are many cows. Milk, cream, and butter, are three articles of great esteem amongst us; but none of these would be good if the land, the cows, or the dairy were neglected or mismanaged. It is not every servant girl that will make a good dairy-maid. She must be industrious and rise early; she must keep herself, her dairy and her dishes, delicately clean; and she must be strictly honest, or her mistress will suffer loss.

So there you are, Sally! just filling your dishes,
And fulfilling also your mistress's wishes;
She may not indeed be observing just now,
But there is one sees you, and that is the cow.

Your pans are quite clean, and the place is quite airy,
As should be the case in an excellent dairy.
To-morrow perhaps you will churn, will you not?
Your churn is a good one, and close on the spot.

Take care of that dish on its edge, if you're able,
I fear it will slip from the leg of the table!
And now will you give me some cream for my tea?
O no, for the cream is not Sally's, you see.

So Sally is honest, hard working, and clean,
She is a nice milk-maid as ever was seen;
She too is good tempered, I see by her face,
And she must be happy, as that is the case.



SOWING CORN.

WHEAT is generally sown in the autumn, that it may take root and make its first shoot before winter comes; and it is not the case that winter frosts hurt the tender plant, as we should expect. When frosts happen late in the spring, they often turn the young wheat yellow or almost black. Barley, oats, and most other corn, are sown in the spring.

The sower in the engraving is scattering the seed with his hand from a basket: this method is called broad-cast, and was always practised with grain years ago. But in modern times a machine has been constructed called a drill, which as it is drawn by a horse over the field, drops the corn in regular dribbling streams, so that when it springs up the field shows green rows of plants as close as they can be to grow well. Peas and beans are often sown also with a drill, but sometimes they are dropped singly from the hand in holes previously made. This is called dibbing it in.



THE FARM YARD.

THIS is a lively and interesting scene, especially when fully furnished with pigs, poultry, and cattle, corn-ricks, hay-stacks, carts, wagons, and horses; with as many men about as shew that business is going on well, yet without any needless bustle. The poultry are very often the care and perquisite of the farmer's wife or her daughters; sometimes they manage so well with their eggs, fowls and feathers, as to clothe themselves, and have money to spare; but we must attend to that man at the barn door.

"Well, well, Thomas Diggins, but what do you say, Will you take master's job by the piece or the day? You know well his temper; no nonsense! no fun, But there is your money as soon as you 've done!"

"You are right; but I think it *raelly* is odd, If making that hedge an't worth ninepence a rod; 'Tis *oncommon* bad next the road, as you know, And one gets on this weather so *oncommon* slow."

"Well, Thomas, you know I 'm the Looker, that 's all, So I think that you'd better step up to the hall; Tell master your price, and that 's all that is in it, He will give you an answer, I know, in a minute."

"Tell you what, Mr. Foreman, it is as you say, Your master is close, but he 's very safe pay; So I 'll e'en take the hedging at sixpence and beer, Mayhap he will give me more money next year."



GYPSIES.

THESE are a very singular people. Their history and origin are not very well known; but it is generally supposed that they came originally from Egypt, as their name seems to imply; and their profession of magic and fortune telling is probably derived from the same source. They make and repair many articles of domestic use, chiefly tin-ware, nets, and lines. Gypsies are in general very different in complexion from the nations amongst whom they are scattered. They live much in by-lanes, and lodge under hedges and their rude blanket tents.

What have you in your kettle, mother?
No doubt some savory food or other;
Or is it coffee, tea, or water?
You do not speak, nor yet your daughter.

And so you 're cross, and turn your back:
Good manners, then, I' m sure you lack;
You are so queer, it makes me guess
You stole the kettle and the mess!

Young madam, does the dame require
That you should set your clothes on fire?
That is one way the flame to feed,
And make the kettle boil indeed!



WATERING COWS.

IN England we are generally well supplied with water, and the distance is not great to a pond or a stream; but in some countries the scarcity of water is very great, and the poor cattle suffer dreadfully with thirst. Sometimes this is the case, even here, and in dry seasons our farmers have to drive their cattle many miles to drink. Cattle, when they get into a pond in hot weather, will often continue longer than the patience of their driver endures. They seem to know that he cannot follow them conveniently.

Now, Brindle, now, Dapple, this way, if you please,
And walk in the water just up to your knees;
But do not go deeper, and break through the rails,
And lash me, and splash me again with your tails.

Now pray be contented in quiet to drink:
There now, you have taken enough. I should think!
O dear! why how warm or how thirsty you are:
I could not drink as much in a month, I declare!

Now, Brindle, now, Dapple, this way, if you please:
You stare, and you linger, determined to tease;
I really believe you continue to lag,
To make me plunge up to my knees on the Nag.

So there! you are raising your noses at last,
And turning round towards me, though not very fast;
You know I can drive you when once on the land,
Yes — that is a matter you well understand.



THE WATERMILL.

SUCH are the wants, and such is the ingenuity of man, that he makes even the elements his servants; the breeze and the stream are detained in their course, until they have done his pleasure. Watermills are placed over rivers or brooks, which are sometimes very small ones; but the water is banked up on each side, and confined by flood-gates, until there is a sufficient quantity to turn the mill. In ancient times, corn was ground or bruised between flat stones, by the labor of the hand, and very great labor it was: wind and water charge nothing for their work.

Rub-a-dub-dub, like a man in a tub,
The watermill rattles by day;
And when it is night, in this fidgetty plight,
It continues to rattle away.

Why don't you keep still, you incessant old mill?
I wonder what can be the matter:
You shudder and quake, and make your sides shake,
And your teeth, they do nothing but chatter.

When supplied, it appears, that you 're always in tears,
You remain, yet are willing to jog;
If ever you stray from the spot, I shall say,
That you certainly travel *in*og.



THE WINDMILL.

THE wind which shakes the window frame, and blows the smoke down the chimney, has very many uses; it disperses unwholesome air and vapors; it wafts the ships from distant seas to our shores, and thus supplies us with all the richest productions of foreign lands; and it turns many a mill, without whose aid many a rich man would perhaps be without bread.

The sails being driven round by the force of the air, communicate their motion to various large wheels within, toothed, as are those in a clock. These again turn the stones, which are as large as a round table, and very heavy. Between these stones, the upper one revolving with surprising rapidity, the corn is gradually joggled in by the motion of the mill itself. When there, it is briskly crushed to atoms, and is afterwards rattled through cloths and canvass until all the coarser parts, the husks or bran and pollard, are removed. Many corn mills are now turned by the power of steam, which can be had when wind and watermills cannot act.



GOING TO MARKET.

THESE are the farmer's daughters, I should think, going along jig-by-jowl, with the prudent old donkey, who takes not a single step in life without previous meditation. I say, Patty, mind your hen basket there does not tumble off — what a noise your fowls make

Yes, squeak, quack, and gobble, and I'm in a hobble;
 I shall be too late, I declare:
 I know when I start, with this crazy old cart,
 It takes twice the time to get there.

They have packed it too full, for a donkey to pull;
 But father's gone first with the mare,
 And he leaves me to budge, with this lazy old drudge;
 Master Dobbs, 'tis too bad, I declare!

Good turkeys be quiet, don't make such a riot; —
 Yes, the fowls are three shillings a pair,
 But as for the eggs, — donkey, do move your legs! —
 I think twelve a shilling is fair.

Now, squeak, quack, and gobble, I am in a hobble:
 The clock has struck ten, I declare!
 Master Dobbs will be back, on his weary old hack,
 Before Patty Dobbs can get there!



THE GLEANERS.

THESE poor people derive a great benefit from their ancient privilege of traversing the corn fields to collect the scattered wheat the husbandman has left. Although strictly speaking it is a matter of favor to allow them this liberty, yet custom in all ages has so far prevailed in this matter, that gleaning has become almost the right of the poor. One pair of hands will often collect corn enough to fill a sack when threshed out. Gleaners usually go forth in numerous companies, consisting of women and children, who generally agree pretty well. Much merriment and village gossip may be heard in the fields at this time; and it is therefore a season rather of recreation than of labor. Farmers often purchase the gleaning corn of the poor to sow in their fields again, because it is of course free from weeds, which that cut by the sickle cannot always be. The girls in the picture seem pretty well loaded, and being so are quite right to make the best of their way home!



THE WOODMAN.

THE man in the cut has taken down a tree, and is at work with his axe, lopping the stubs and branches. There is skill as well as strength required for felling heavy timber. The woodman observes first which way the tree leans, and cuts with the axe, or a cross cut saw, according to the side on which he sees it will descend. He takes care, too, to lop off such of the principal branches as might give it a wrong direction, or cause the tree to split up the trunk. It is very common to tie a long rope to the top, and when the tree is nearly cut through, the men get to a little distance and rock the mighty oak or elm backwards and forwards, until with a thundering crash he falls! When it lies prostrate, we are generally surprised at the vast dimensions of those arms which once waved like feathers in the wintry storm.



THE HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.

HERE is one of the hunters with his pack, just issuing from a gentleman's park; and there sits a peacock on the wall, looking over. These, I suppose, are fox-hounds, and are to proceed to some place where it has been agreed that poor Reynard is to be started for the day's sport; small sport to him, poor fellow! for he has all the terrors, the toils, and the agonies which perhaps we should feel if hunted to the death. Fox hunting is practised merely as recreation, and not for the sake of ridding us of a mischievous animal; nay, his life is often spared at the end of the chase, that he may afford another day's diversion.

Stag-hunting, in England, is also performed only as recreation; for the deer, bred in parks, could be easily obtained for use without any bustle of the kind. All these sports are rather cruel; but those who need relief from professional pursuits, or from the weariness of unoccupied minds, require some exercise of this sort to keep them alive.



HUNTING THE HARE.

NEITHER the hare nor any other animals would be coursed and run down in the way that they are, if they had no more activity and speed than a donkey or a pig. It is because they run so fast as nearly to equal the powers of horses and dogs in pursuit, that they afford a range to the activities of the determined sportsman. The timid hare, surprised on her cover by the dogs, bounds from the spot with the swiftness of the wind, and at first has the advantage of her pursuers; when hard pressed, she resorts to stratagem, and doubles, or turns suddenly in a new direction. But the dogs, whose sense of smelling is exquisite, trace out her path by the scent, and through herbage and thickets pursue her until her strength is quite exhausted; it is mercy then to end her sufferings by the gun.



THE FLOCK OF GEESE.

Now here 's a noisy congregation!
 Each makes, it seems, his own oration;
 Contented thus to walk or waddle,
 And hear the thoughts of his own noddle
 Yet who can tell when geese converse,
 The curious questions they rehearse;
 The growth of grass, the depth of pools,
 The stupid acts of men and fools;
 How long the frost is like to last,
 And whether Michaelmas be past?
 The price of quills and feather beds:
 The use of pens to authors' heads.
 That Scott had ne'er described his scenes,
 If they had not supplied the means.
 The melody of goose's tones;
 The great inelegance of swans;
 How stuffing geese when they are dead
 Must be devised by idiot's head:
 "The food, the cramming, why not give
 To geese and others while they live?
 Yes, give us now these full supplies,
 For this, we know, is sage advice."
 But hints to men have little use,
 'Tis well there 's wisdom in a goose!"
 Perhaps they talk, as we have heard,
 Perhaps they ne'er exchange a word!



GOING TO SCHOOL.

THIS is a pretty good boy, I dare say, his name is Philip Sumner. There is his slate in his hand, and his satchel, or bag, with books and so on, at his back. I think he will be in time, for he has ten minutes good yet; the house is just before him, and he is only waiting a minute to see if that is a bird's nest in the hedge. The schoolmaster's name is Mr. Birch, who is rather particular in some things, and occasionally gives instruction by means of a certain namesake of his. Philip wrote a letter to his grandmother last week, in which he told her he wrote be 4 breakfast! that was the chief mistake he made! he put a figure 4 for f-o-r-e; was not that a droll blunder? The thing was, he had been very busy studying his sums, and could not get the figures out of his head. There are more than thirty scholars at Mr. Birch's beside Philip Sumner.



VILLAGE SCHOOL.

THIS, you see, is a dame's school for little boys and girls. You must not expect to find Philip Sumner there, for he is too old to go to Dame Broomley's, and is one of Mr. Birch's scholars, as you know. Dame Broomley is a personage of some importance in the village, and has thirty or forty little folks constantly under her care. She can do two things at once, you see; she minds her knitting, and attends to the child's reading at the same time; nay, she can manage a smart box on the ears without forgetting the lesson the lad is reading, and without putting her knitting down; and she generally knits her brows and her stocking both at once.

Many persons who have risen to eminence in literature, or the arts, have received their first instruction at a dame's school. It is something to learn to read, work, and sit still for an hour. Those unhappy children, who, through the neglect of their parents, have not even this advantage, commonly run wild, become wicked, and have an ill lot in life. What a good thing it is for the old lady herself, that she learned what she did in her childhood, for now she can teach others, and maintain herself thereby.



BREAKING ICE FOR CATTLE.

THE wind was north, the blast was strong,
 It storm'd and bluster'd all night long :
 The morn reveals a beauteous sight,
 The fields are all one sheet of white !
 With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow
 The rustic issued forth, I trow,
 Reminded by the snowy field
 Of unfed cows, and pools congeal'd.
 Now, looking at the cottage gate,
 With anxious hope the cattle wait.
 When food by nature is denied,
 They look to man to be supplied.
 Yes, Brindle, Dapple, all the rest,
 We know you 're helpless and distress ;
 In vain you tread the dazzling heath,
 And try the snow with steaming breath,
 In vain you seek the well known pond,
 With glassy floor enclosed and bound.
 The food you give we largely share :
 To feed you now is just and fair.
 There, Brindle, Dapple, now, I think,
 The ice is crack'd, and you may drink ;
 And there, within the sheltered yard,
 Sweet hay and turneps are prepared ;
 We owe you much, but then we learn
 To help and pay you in return.



HOP PICKING.

You know, I suppose, that hops are brewed with malt to give an agreeable bitter to beer, of every kind. Without this, the beer would have a sickly sweetish taste, and would very soon turn sour.

Hops are grown very much in some counties of England, and not at all in others. They are tall, climbing plants, and therefore hop-grounds are thickly studded with poles to bear up the plants from the ground. The part taken for use is the flower of the hop-bine, which, when dried, has a very fragrant odor. Hop picking is chiefly performed by women and children, whose work it is to strip the ripened flowers from the stalks. Like hay making and glean-
ing, this is a very pleasant employment in fine weather, and much fun and merriment frequently prevail.

The lad who hops upon one leg,

No doubt that business understands ;

But do not boast of that, I beg,

For here they 're hopping with their hands !



MAKING PILLOW-LACE.

THIS kind of lace-making was much practised by cottagers a few years ago; but now machines have been invented, which produce a good fabric of lace at a much lower price. I cannot explain to you the exact method by which pillow-lace is woven, for I have only a few times in my life seen the operation. The girl has a pillow or cushion on her lap, with quills or pins stuck in it, round which with wonderful neatness and patience, she ties and weaves the thread.

With slender fingers Susan sits,
And weaves the complicated thread;
O, buy the fabric that she knits,
For thus she eases her parents' bread!

Loop after loop, with patient skill,
She binds and ties in order due;
Intent the mazy web to fill
With patterns fit for lady's view.

With eye correct the mesh she fits,
And fastens the obedient thread:
O, buy the fabric that she knits,
For thus she earns her parents' bread!



THE SHEPHERD.

SHEEP, though by no means very wild in their natural disposition, yet require looking after by man, if he would be sure of possessing them in security. To guard these helpless animals from wolves and other wild beasts, was one chief duty of the shepherd in former times; and in foreign countries this is even now his needful care. In England, where happily there are few savage creatures to molest, and none big enough to hunt a sheep, the shepherd's business is rather to watch his flock, and keep them from straying by day, and to guard them from the depredations of thieves by night. Sheep naturally herd in companies, and generally follow any one of their number in an outbreak, however sudden and difficult. They will, on these occasions, take surprising leaps, and gallop in huddled crowds very fast, indeed. The Good SHEPHERD is alluded to in these pretty lines:

My Shepherd will supply my need,
 JEHOVAH is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.



THE FARRIER'S SHOP.

THE hoofs of horses appear to be expressly formed by the Creator for the use to which man applies them. They are not only made of a horny and tough material for travelling, but are just shaped so as to receive further protection from the art of man, who can fasten on a shoe with nails in a way that the feet of but few other animals would permit. The smith or farrier has a laborious and sweltering business of it—forming the iron shoe by means of fire and beating, and then taking the horses' heavy foot in his lap, fitting and nailing it on his great hoof. Horses in general stand very patiently during this operation, which, if skilfully performed, does not hurt them much. Unruly and vicious horses are very difficult and dangerous to manage; but the smith generally gets the better, even of the worst of them; so that they find out, whether they like it or not, that man is to be their master.

Come, hold up your feet, sir! you get worse and worse,
Your leg is a great heavy baby to nurse:
Oh, sir! will you kick?—take a twitch for your pains;
You indeed have the strength, but then I have the brains.



THE DONKEY RACE.

THIS amusement is frequently practised at village fairs, especially those which take place on a common, where there is good room for the sport. Although donkeys in general are noted for any thing but their speed, there are some that may be made to exert themselves a little on such an occasion. The boys often get a tumble; but the best part of the sport is a good supper, with which to conclude the entertainment.

That 's right, honest Balaam, you step it out well !
And you, master Neddy, try hard to excel :
Halloo ! whip and scamper, and make the dust fly !
One will soon win the race, and the next by and by.

Ha ! there, Jockey Charley has managed a fall !
He only turned round with his saddle, that 's all ;
His donkey bolts forward, and flings out the wider,
Not at all running worse for the loss of his rider !

But Balaam is in at the post, I declare,
With the length of his ears double measured to spare
Hurrah ! for the winner, now let us all sup,
With a goose for the stakes, and a can for the cup !



SHEEP SHEARING.

"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb," — thus we read in the Scriptures, and this truly represents the behavior of this patient animal; under a very tormenting if not very painful operation. The shearer, pulling the sheep over and over with very little ceremony, plies his sharp shears with such amazing activity, that it seems as if flesh and ears and all would fly before them. I believe, however, it is not often that the sheep get wounded by a skilful hand. His object is to cut off the wool as close as he can, in as little time as possible, for this kind of work is generally paid for at so much a head.

The wool is perhaps of quite as much importance to man as the flesh of the sheep — our garments, carpets, bedding, things essential to our comfort, are made of this most valuable material; and a great part of the commercial wealth of England is derived from the wool trade. The processes undergone by the wool from the time that it leaves the sheep's back till it gets upon our own, are very many; the woolcomber and spinner, and weaver, and dyer, and tailor, have all to take it in hand first.



THE WASHING OF SHEEP.

THIS needful operation is performed in summer time, generally in a large pond or stream of running water, a few days before the sheep are sheared. The wool is thus effectually cleansed, and takes the shears better. The poor sheep are rather roughly handled, and show no signs of comprehending the reason of the operation. It is their nature, however, to submit to washing, shearing, and even the butcher's knife without resistance or complaint. It is probable that they suffer less than if their temper were perverse and unmanageable.

"Now, gently, good Master, you are rather rude!
To serve me so roughly without any feud;
Pray, what have I done to be soured in this fashion?
'Tis enough to provoke any lamb to a passion.

"You gave me no warning, you give me no peace,
But plunge me, and roll me, and buffet my fleece;
You surely need not by a sheep to be told.
'Tis the way to destroy one with cough or with cold."

"O, dear! honest Mutton, forgive me, I pray,
And turn yourself round with your shoulders this way;
Yes, now again under, — excuse my intent,
But I really must wash you without your consent!"



THE ROOKERY.

THIS is a busy and most interesting scene in the spring. Rooks generally build in the same trees from year to year, and seem to have a strong attachment to their accustomed elms, whose lofty tops are re-visited by their sable tenants with great regularity in April or May. There is nothing more wonderful in all the various habits and instincts of animals than the nidification, that is, the nest-making of birds. How it is that they weave so firmly together the sticks, straws, and other loose materials of which these airy habitations are composed, we cannot quite understand, for we never can get near enough to observe their work minutely. Certain it is, that it would baffle human skill to make any thing like it with the birds' bills, their only tools!

Here 's a cawing and a fuss,
All confusion in the air;
So it seems at least to us,
Not understanding the affair.

See, in clamorous mood they bring
Spoils from many a distant grove:
Darken'd by their jetty wing
Are the elm-tops which they love.



THE COUNTRY INN.

" Stop, stranger, if you please, awhile,
 You 've travel'd many a weary mile.
 Refresh yourself, refresh your horse,
 Then blithely speed you on your course ;
 I 've Truman, Hanbury's entire,
 'Tis mild, or old, at your desire ;
 Or bottled ale, or bottled stout,
 Up and alive, you need not doubt.
 Tobacco, pipes, and weekly news,
 And right companions, if you choose.
 But if you 're too genteel and snug
 To like a neighbor with your mug,
 Why, there 's a room, with window bowed,
 Which looks both up and down the road ;
 And Betsey waits, with look demure,
 Your worship's comfort to insure ;
 She 'll light the fire, a curtsy drop,
 And cook your chicken or your chop ;
 She 'll bring you negus, wine, or grog,
 Stir up the fire, drive out the dog,
 And not till twice you 've told your will,
 Will I, your host, produce your bill.
 So, stranger, step within a while ;
 You 've traveled many a weary mile ;
 Refresh yourself, refresh your horse,
 Then blithely speed you on your course."



PLOWING.

EVER since the fall, when man was turned out of paradise, and the ground was cursed for his sake, it has been necessary for him to contend with the unwilling earth for his daily bread. The best land in the world will not produce crops of corn, nor permanent food for man and beast, without the toilsome processes of tillage. The earth must be turned over and dressed again every year, or oftener, and her powers of production must be aided by manure, before she will render us our needful supplies of grain. The plow has been in use from the most ancient times for this purpose, an instrument like a large broad knife, or a wedge, which makes a deep furrow by turning the ground over on one side. Oxen used to be more employed for drawing the plow than at present; but they are still employed thus in some places. The art of plowing well is not attained by every man with ease. They who can make the straightest furrows are the best workmen. Potatoes are sometimes turned out by the plow, and sometimes they are planted by children following in the furrows made by that machine.



THE SPORTSMAN.

WE should have no game in England if persons were permitted to sport at all times of the year. In order to preserve the young game, they are left undisturbed until the first of September: shooting or taking them in any way before that time is unlawful. Pheasants are not to be taken till the first of October. Gentlemen generally leave town for their country seats time enough to commence their sports of the field on the first day allowed by law; and a busy day is the first of September in the country for that reason. The sportsman in the picture, has, it seems, a brace of partridges in his eye. If a good shot, that is, if expert in the use of his gun, he will bring them both down; and his dog will find them, and lay them at his master's feet.

Equipp'd in sylvan guise with gun
And ball. and powder horn,
The sportsman deem'd the trouble none
To rise at early morn.

Still less he cared about the toil,
Although fatigued he lagg'd;
When home at eve he brought his spoil,
The fifty brace he 'd bagg'd.

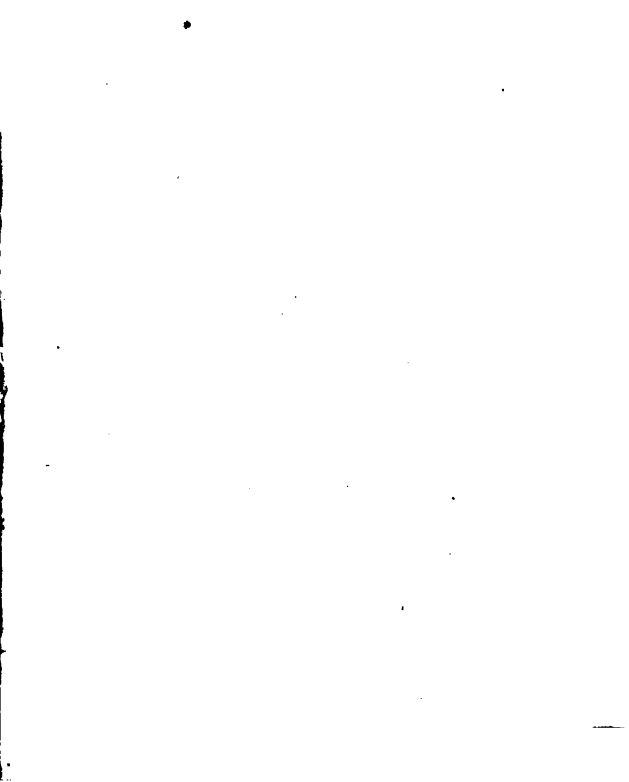
MILKING COWS.

We have seen Sally busy amongst her pans and dishes in her dairy. She left every thing in nice order that evening, and now it is early morning, and she is milking her cows. The animals in general stand very quiet; but sometimes in hot weather, when much tormented with flies, they are restless, whisk their tails in Sally's face, knock over the milk-pail, and sometimes overset Sally herself, and her three legged stool!

Now, Dapple, be good, and stand still, if you please
do not quite like you in humors like these;
Ah! now, do you want to kick over the pail,
And get Sally scolded, who tells the sad tale?

Ah! there is a look! now I see by your eyes,
How much you are teased by the gnats and the flies;
But, Dapple, be patient, and quietly stand,
When I've done, I will brush them away with my hand.

There! now you've been good, and I'll do as I said,
Get away, naughty insects, from dear Dapple's head!
I do not much wonder that cross she appears,
With gnats at her eyelids, and flies in her ears!



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